

THE GRAND FINALE OF...

STAR WARS™

BOUNTY HUNTERS

MARVEL

42

SACKS
MORALES
VILLANELLI
PRIANTO



DEATH MATCH
ON
TATOOINE!

Valance's memory has been restored, and now the cyborg hero has turned his sights to one last mission--an all-out assault on Jabba's palace.

Meanwhile, T'onga and the rest of the bounty hunters crew have disbanded. They are now each at their own crossroads, from which they face uncertain futures....

STAR WARS BOUNTY HUNTERS

THE SECRET WEAPON

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The Palace of
Jabba the Hutt,
Tatooine.

<THE NEXT
SUPPLICANT IS A
TRADER FROM
MOS ELREY.>*

<BAH, WHY
DID THIS RUNT
COME ALL THE WAY
FROM THE WESTERN
DUNE SEA JUST TO
BORE ME?>

*TRANSLATED
FROM HUTTESE.

HONORABLE
JABBA, WHOSE
MERCY KNOWS NO
BOUNDS--

--I'M HERE AS
A MERCHANT WHO
PAYS YOU FOR
PROTECTION.

THE
TRANDOSHAN
CLAN HAS BEEN
ROBBING MY
STORES.

I CAN
OFFER YOU TEN
PERCCCCENT
HIGHER...AS A
FRIENDSSSHIP
FEE.

<I'VE HEARD
ENOUGH. TAKE THE
TRANDOSHAN TO
THE TORTURE
CHAMBER!>

<THE MERCHANT
WAS UNDER MY
PROTECTION...>

<...BUT NOW HE
CAN BE KILLED
WITHOUT ISSUE.
THE TRANDOSHANS
MAY HAVE THE
FRANCHISE.>

WH-
WHAAAAT?

<HUHUHU...
A TEN PERCENT
BONUS IS GOOD
BUSINESS!>

AHA
HAHAHA!

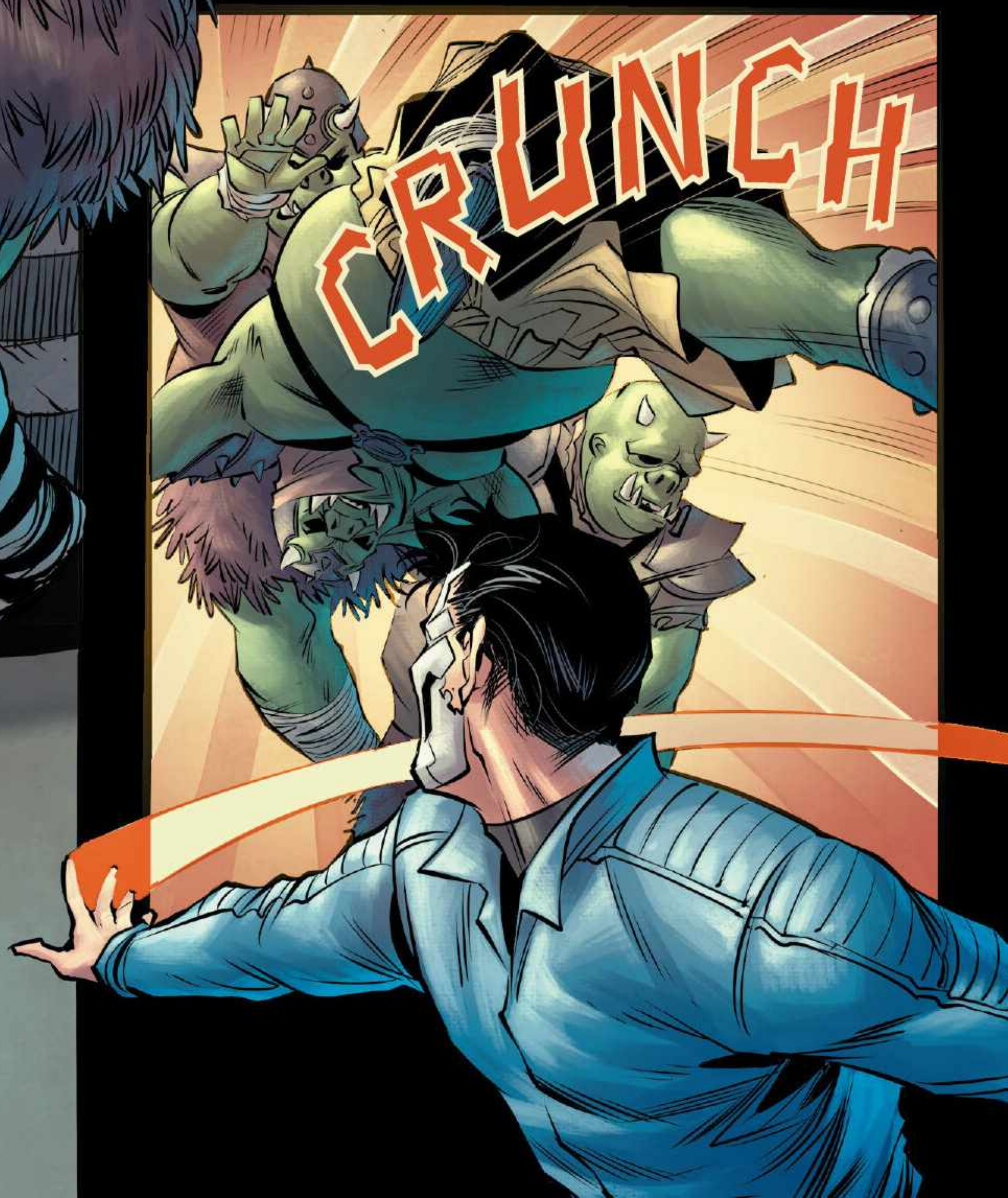
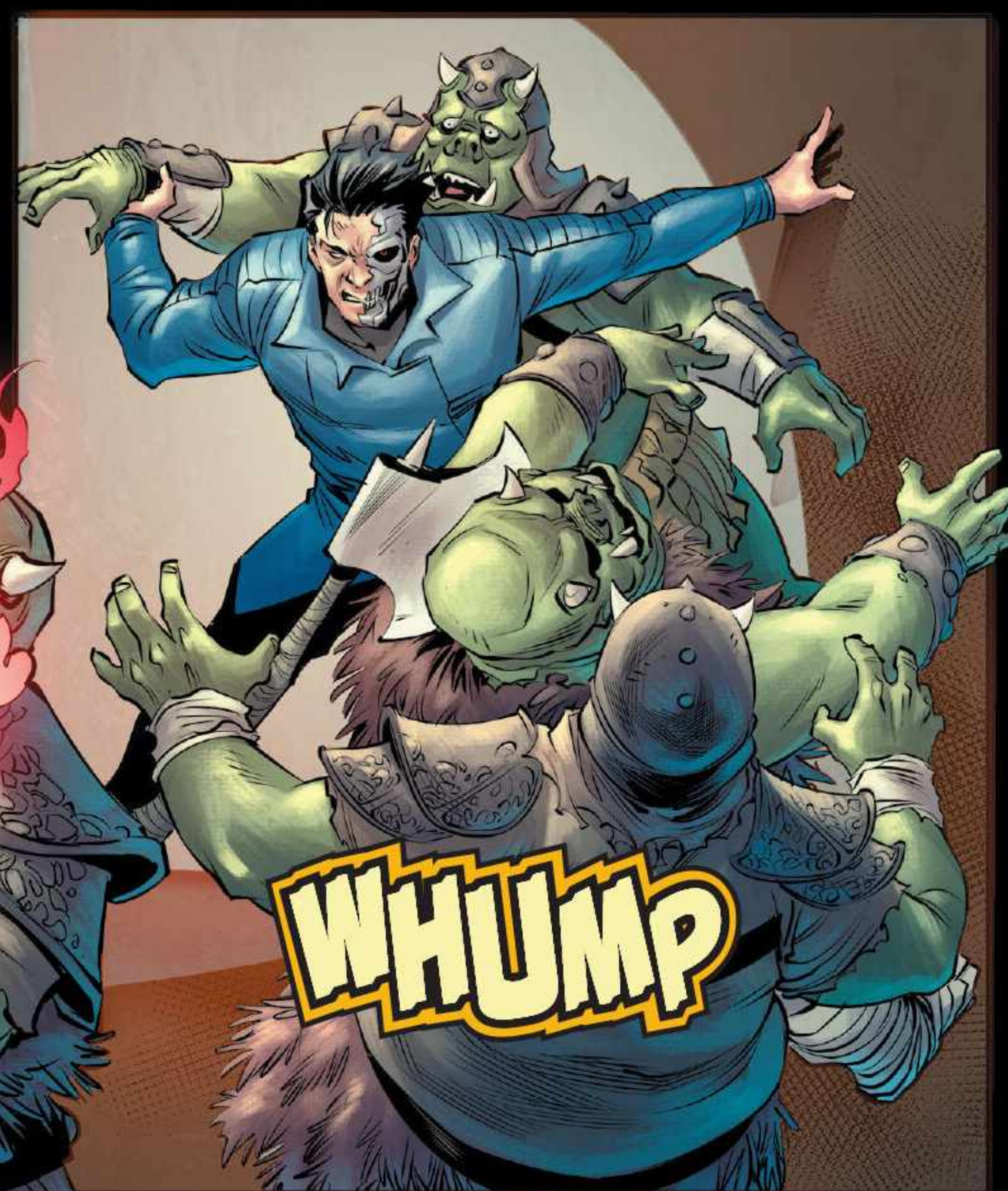
<DOES
ANYONE ELSE
DARE DELAY
MY LUNCH
FURTHER?>

<EH?>

CLACKITY

CLACKITY

CLACK





YOU HAVE SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T BELONG TO YOU.



<VALANCE! YOU WILL NOT GET A QUICK DEATH! YOU WILL SUFFER FOR THIS INSULT!>

<WHOEVER BRINGS HIM IN ALIVE FOR FURTHER TORTURE-->

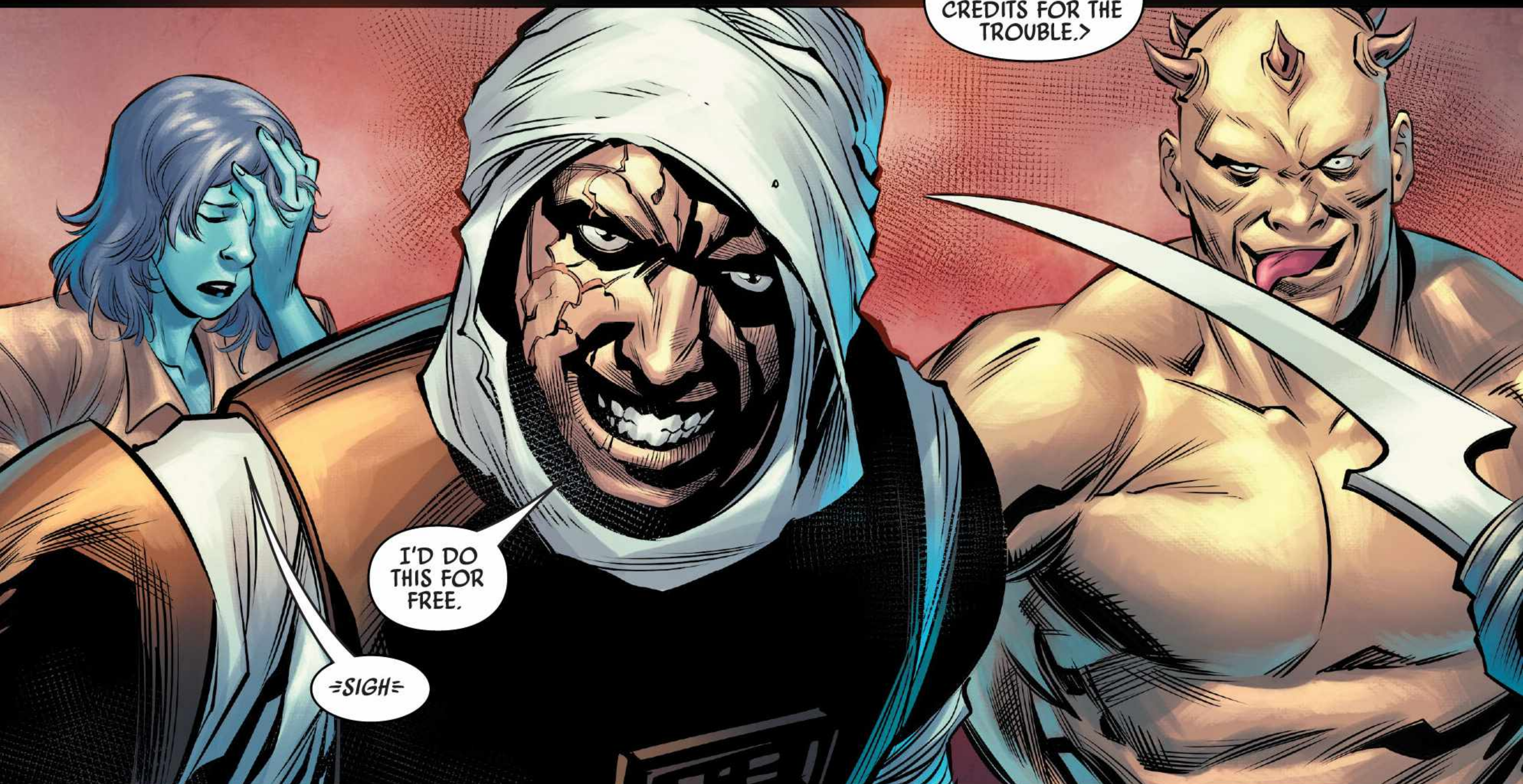


DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT.



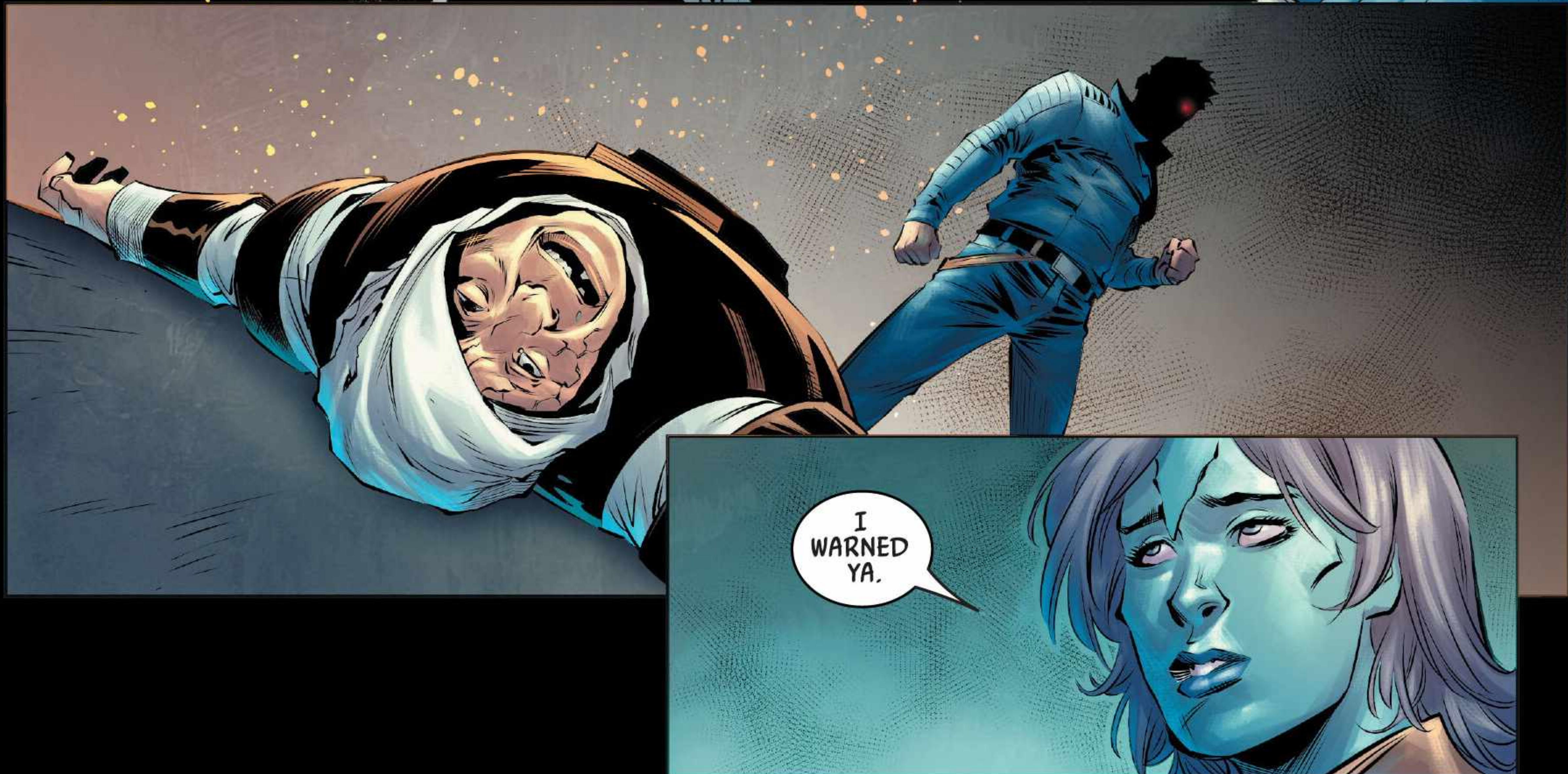
<--WILL RISE IN MY ESTEEM-->

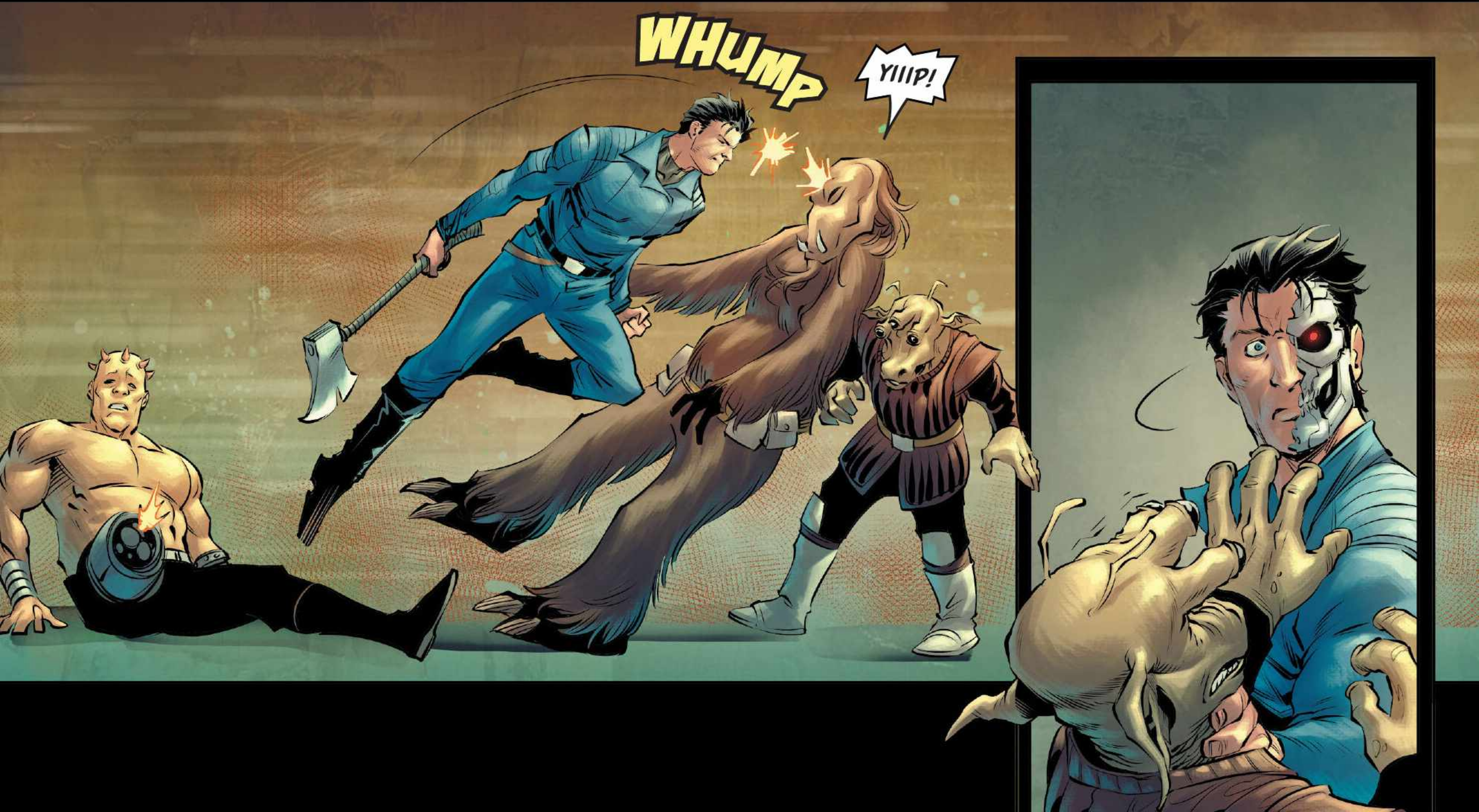
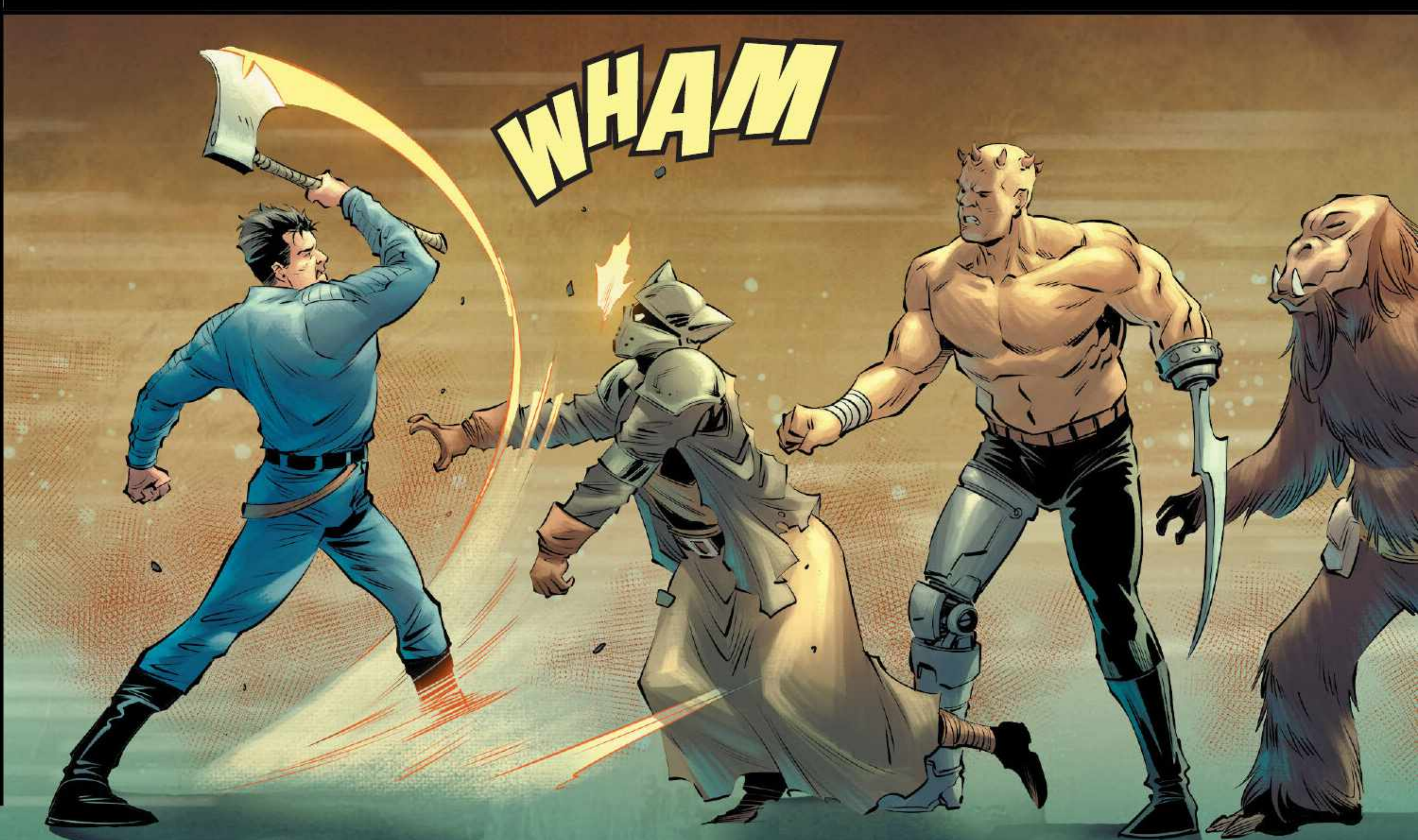
<--AND BE PAID 50,000 CREDITS FOR THE TROUBLE.>

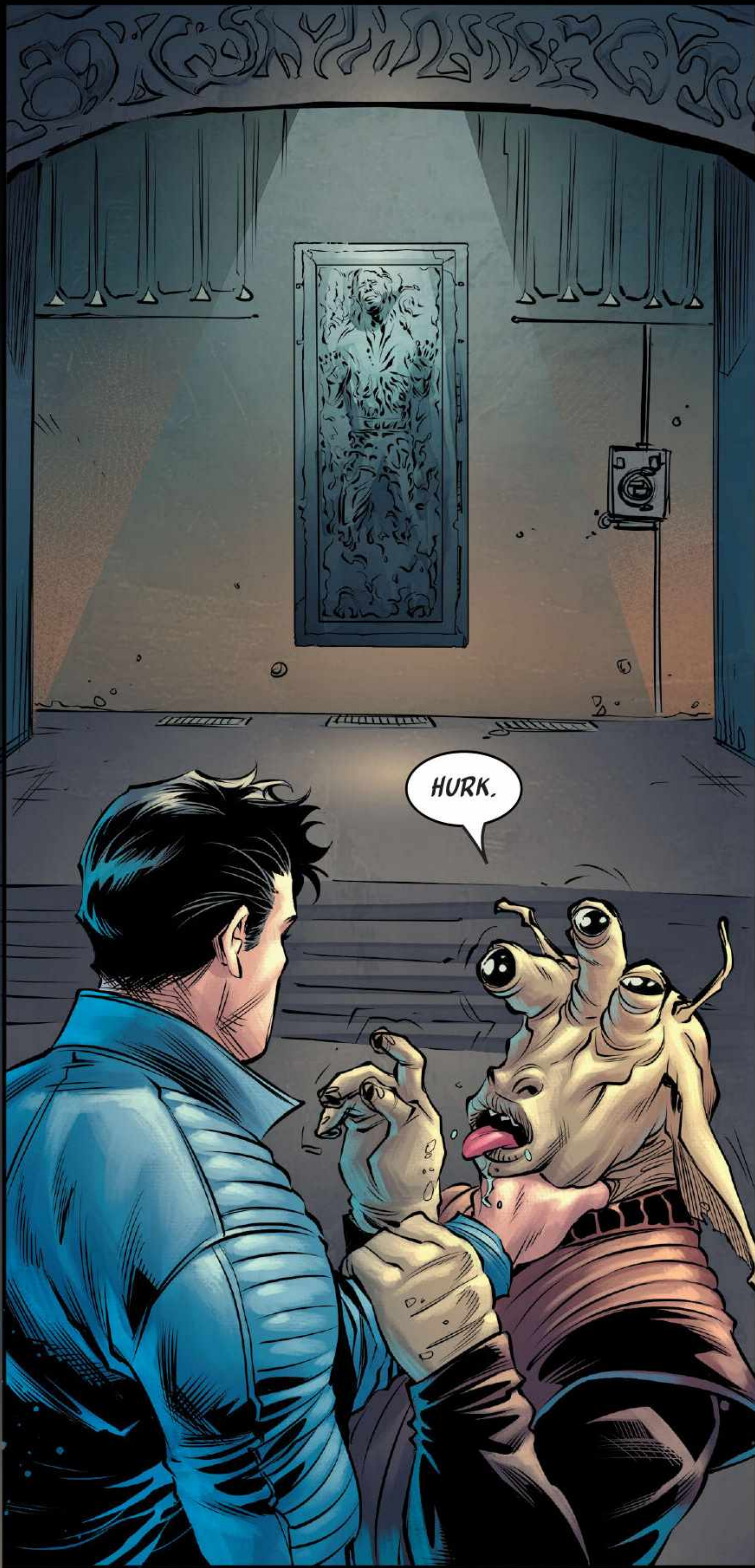


I'D DO THIS FOR FREE.

=SIGH=







HURK.



YOU BETTER
DO YOUR PART,
CHEWBACCA.



<IF YOU'RE NOT
HERE IN A FUTILE
ATTEMPT TO SAVE
HAN SOLO-->



<--THEN WHY
DID YOU COME
HERE TO THROW
YOUR LIFE
AWAY?>

YOUR
SECRET
DROID.
WHERE
IS IT?

<HUHUU.
YOU ARE AN EVEN
BIGGER FOOL THAN
I THOUGHT.>

<BUT YOU ARE
RIGHT TO FEAR BEING
REPLACED... YOUR KIND
OF BOUNTY HUNTER IS
AN ENDANGERED
SPECIES.>



<SHOW HIM JUST HOW ENDANGERED, BOBA FETT!>

HUHUH HUHUUH!

UMMFFF!

SLAM

WHOOOSH

SEE YOU GOT YOUR MEMORY BACK--

WHAM

WHUMP

FWWOOOOOO

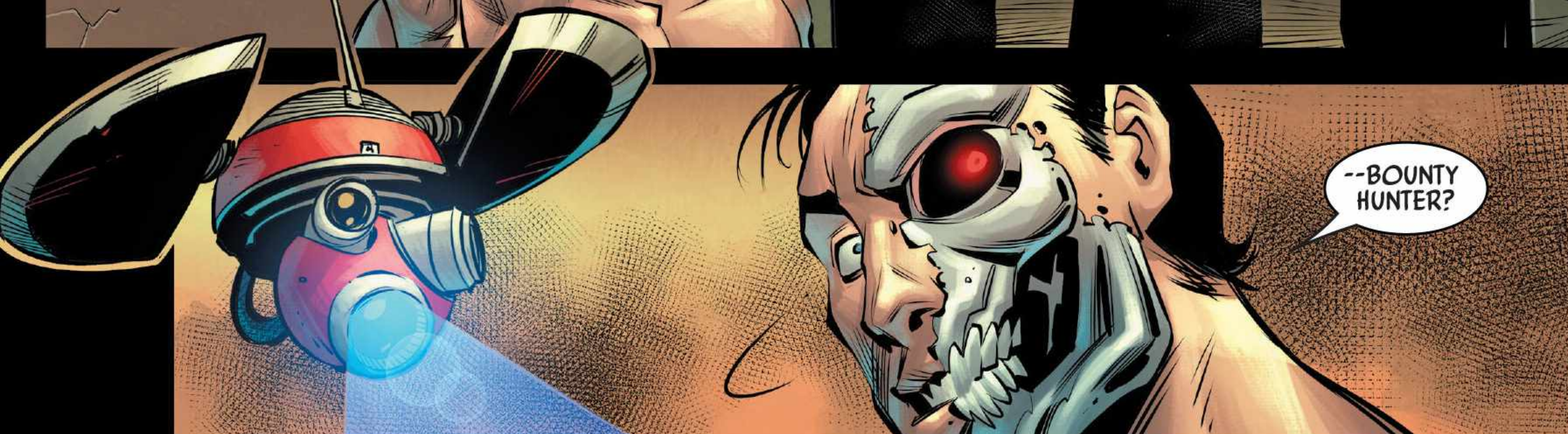
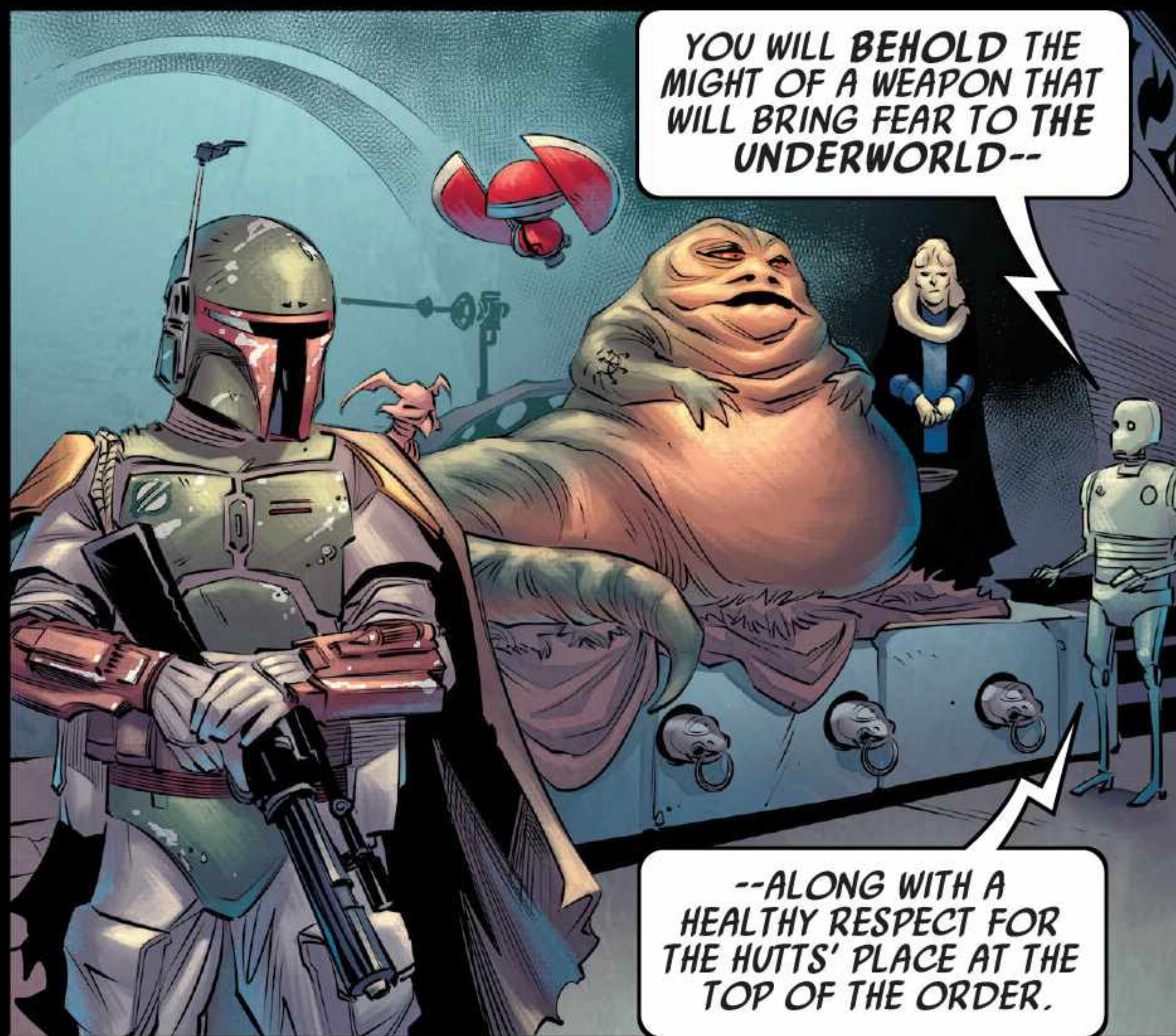
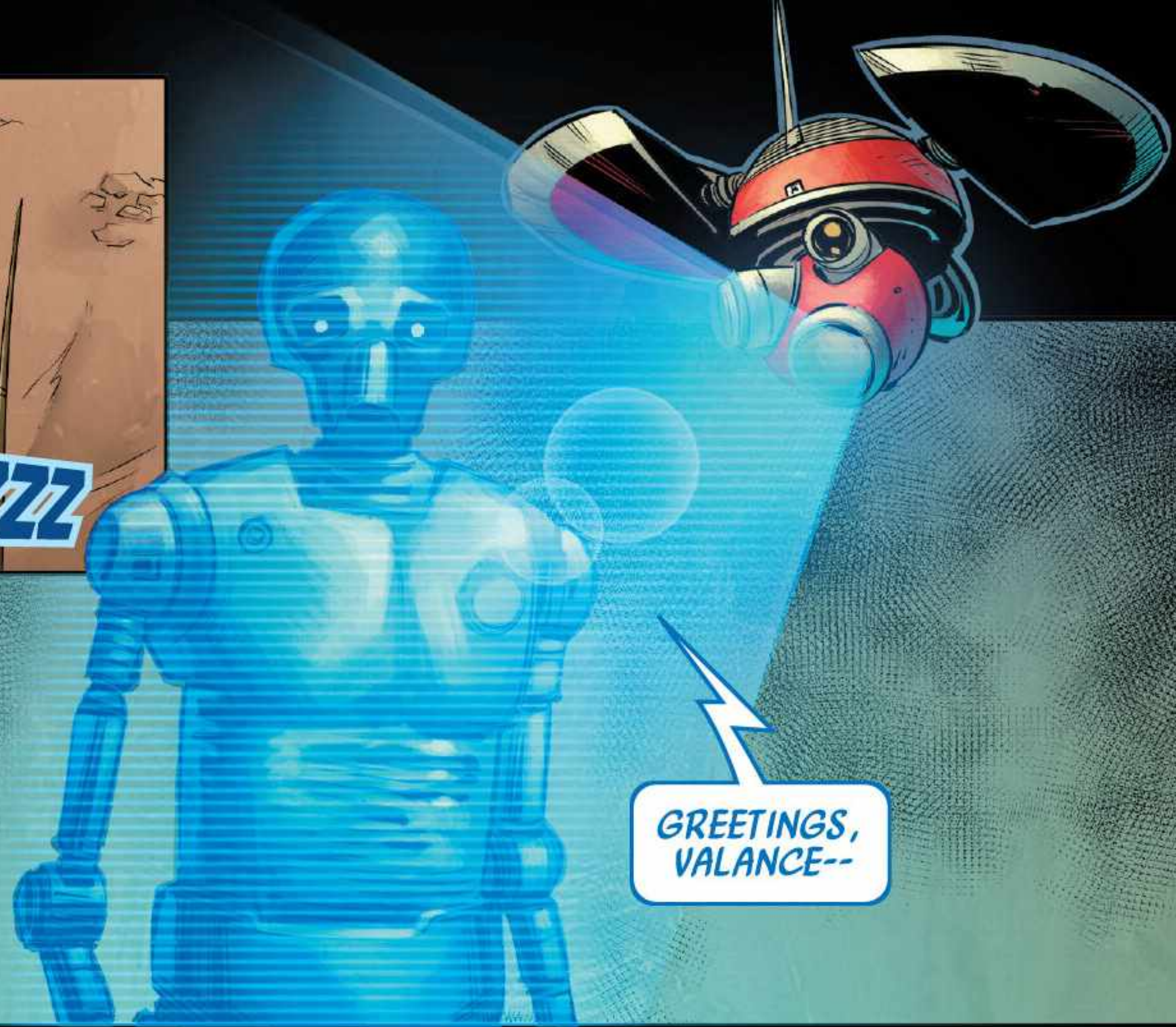
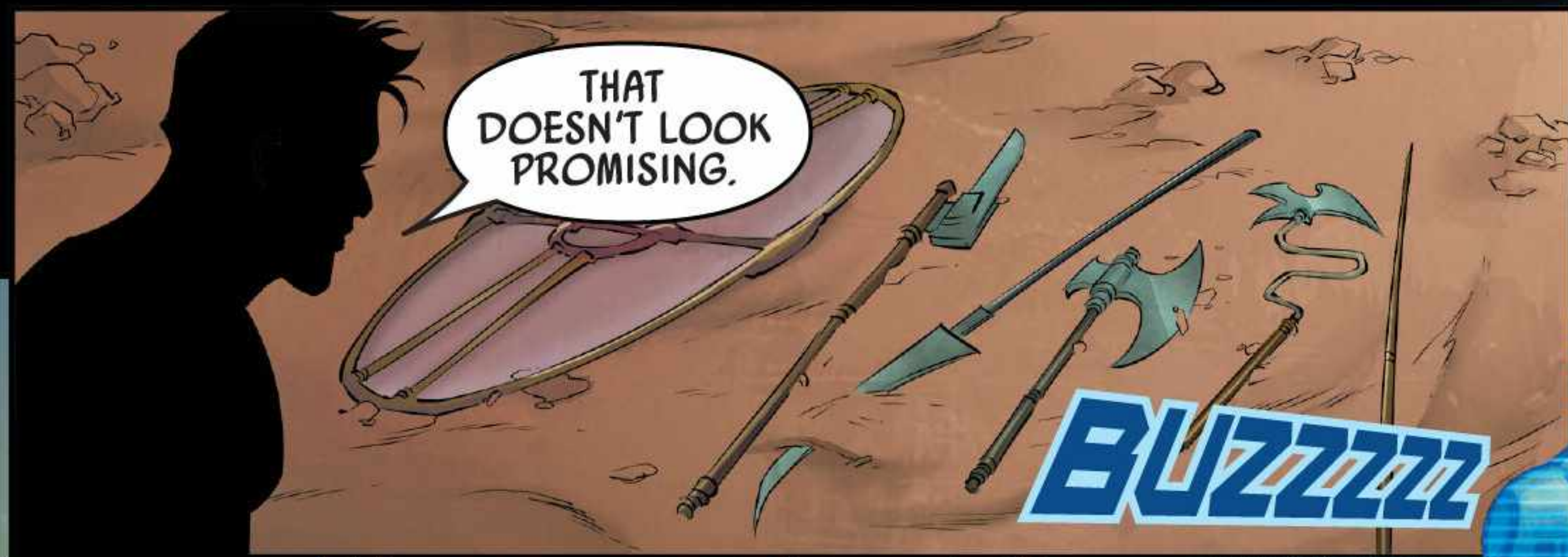
--SO GETTING BEAT BY ME SHOULD BE FAMILIAR.

YOU DON'T HAVE ENOUGH GADGETS TO STOP ME.



Mos Espa Grand Arena.





PRESENTING THE
MEGADROID!

FORGED TO BE
SUPERWEAPONS BY THE
SEPARATISTS MANY YEARS
AGO, THE JEDI DESTROYED
THE MEGADROIDS
FACTORY BEFORE THE ARMY
COULD COME ONLINE.*

HAD THAT RAID
FAILED, THE CLONE
WARS MIGHT HAVE
TURNED OUT VERY
DIFFERENTLY.

BUT HIS EMINENCE,
JABBA, PROCURED
THE ONLY INTACT
MODEL SEVERAL
YEARS AGO.

*SEE YODA #8-9.

PING

The word "PING" in a stylized, bold, red font with a white outline, slanted upwards to the right.

OOOFFF...

WELL, I
SUPPOSE WE WILL
HAVE TO DOUBLE
OUR PAYMENTS
TO JABBA
NOW.



YEARS AGO, JABBA CAME CLOSE TO ACQUIRING THE NEURAL CORE OF A LEGENDARY DROID WARRIOR CALLED AJAX SIGMA TO POWER THE DROID. BUT IT WAS LOST.*

GAAHH...

BUT THE HUTTS NEVER LOST PATIENCE. THEY CONTINUED TO SEARCH.

*SEE THE HAN SOLO & CHEWBACCA: THE CRYSTAL RUN TPB FOR MORE DETAILS!

AND AMID ALL OF THE RECENT DROID... CHAOS, JABBA FOUND A WORTHY CORE--

OH NO.



--FROM THE REMNANTS OF A DROID SPACESHIP CALLED GERTEE.

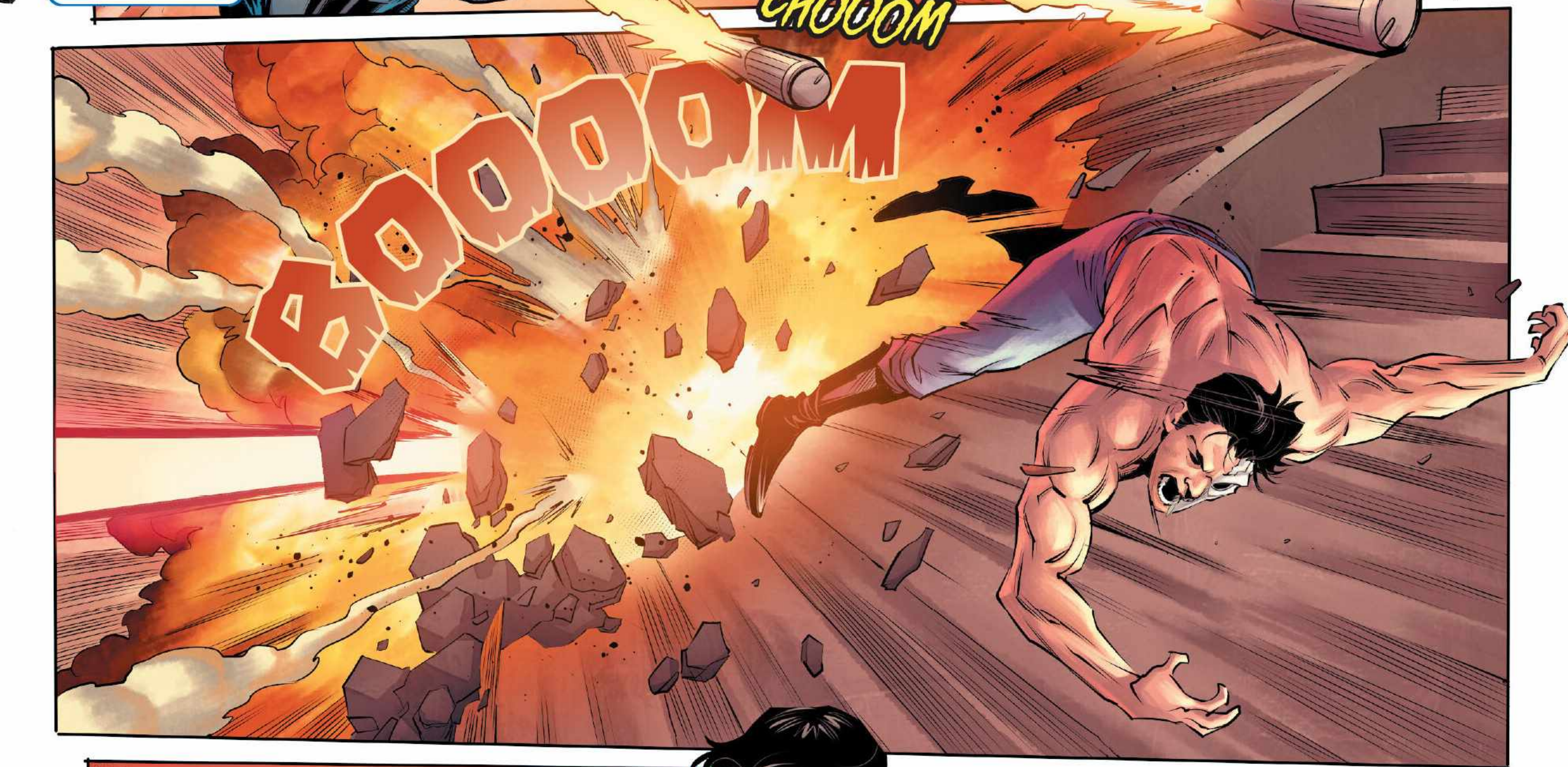
HER STRATEGIC AND WEAPONS TRAINING CAME FROM AJAX HIMSELF.

CHOOOM

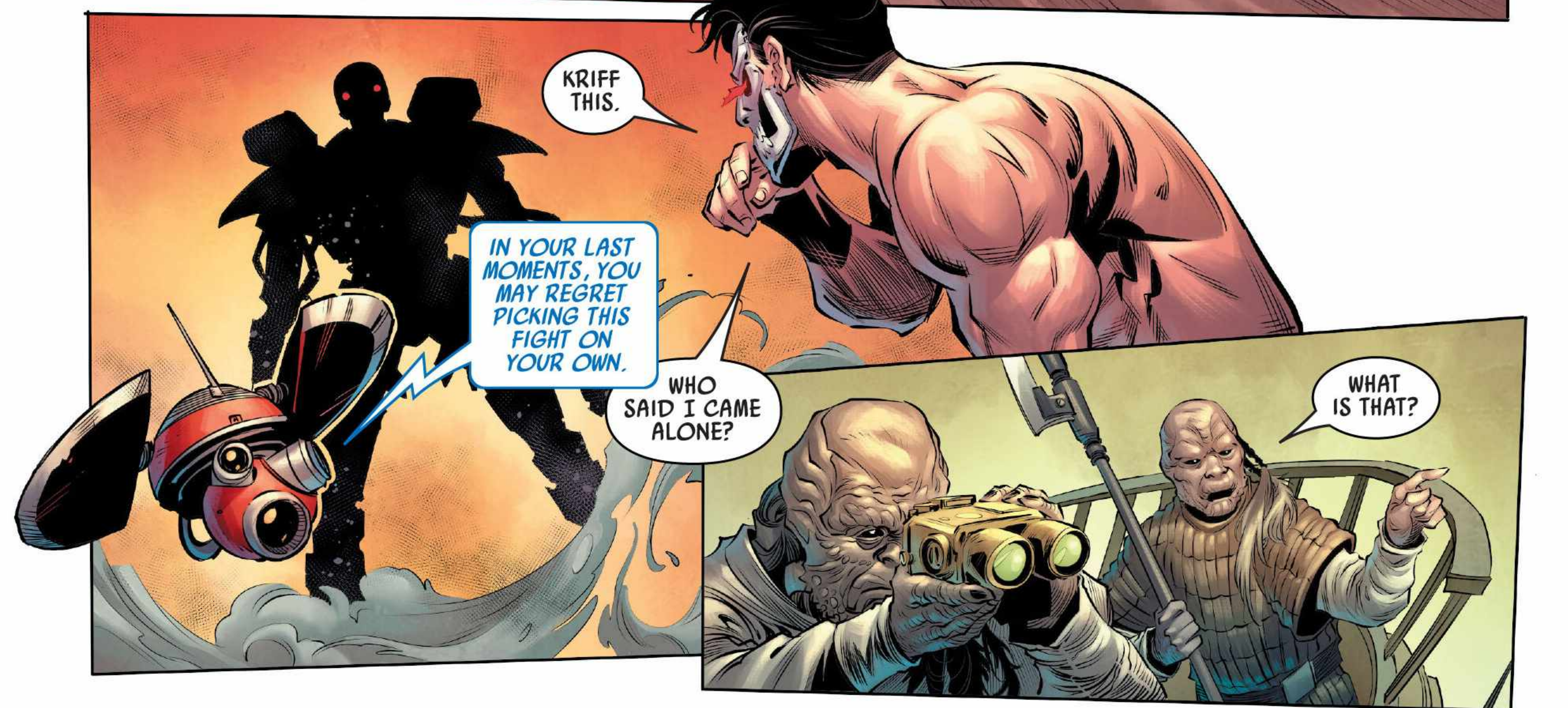
CHOOOM CHOOOM

WHUMP WHUMP WHUMP

CHOOOM CHOOOM



BOOOOOOM

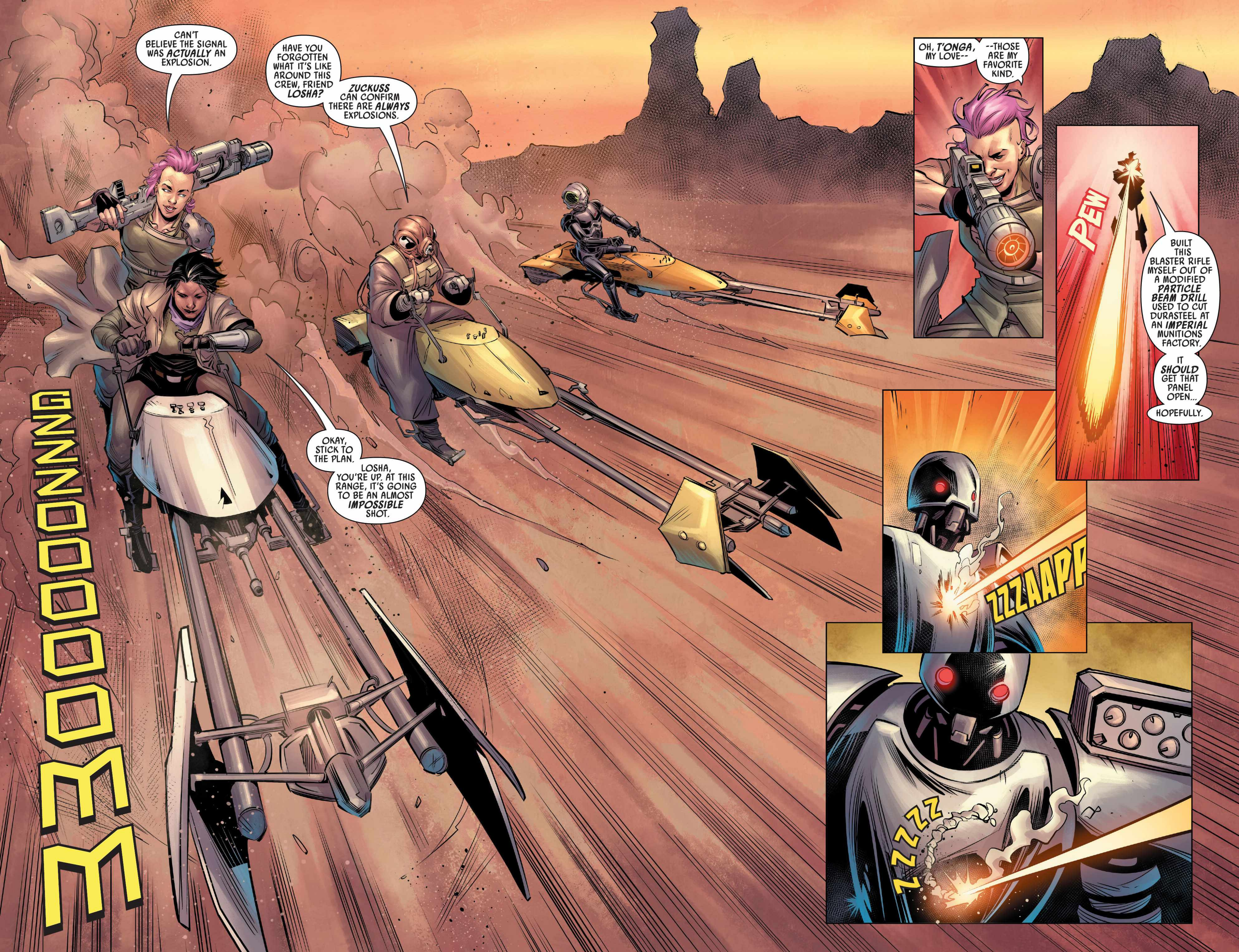


KRIFF THIS.

IN YOUR LAST MOMENTS, YOU MAY REGRET PICKING THIS FIGHT ON YOUR OWN.

WHO SAID I CAME ALONE?

WHAT IS THAT?



CAN'T BELIEVE THE SIGNAL WAS *ACTUALLY* AN EXPLOSION.

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN WHAT IT'S LIKE AROUND THIS CREW, FRIEND *LOSHA*?

ZUCKUSS CAN CONFIRM THERE ARE *ALWAYS* EXPLOSIONS.

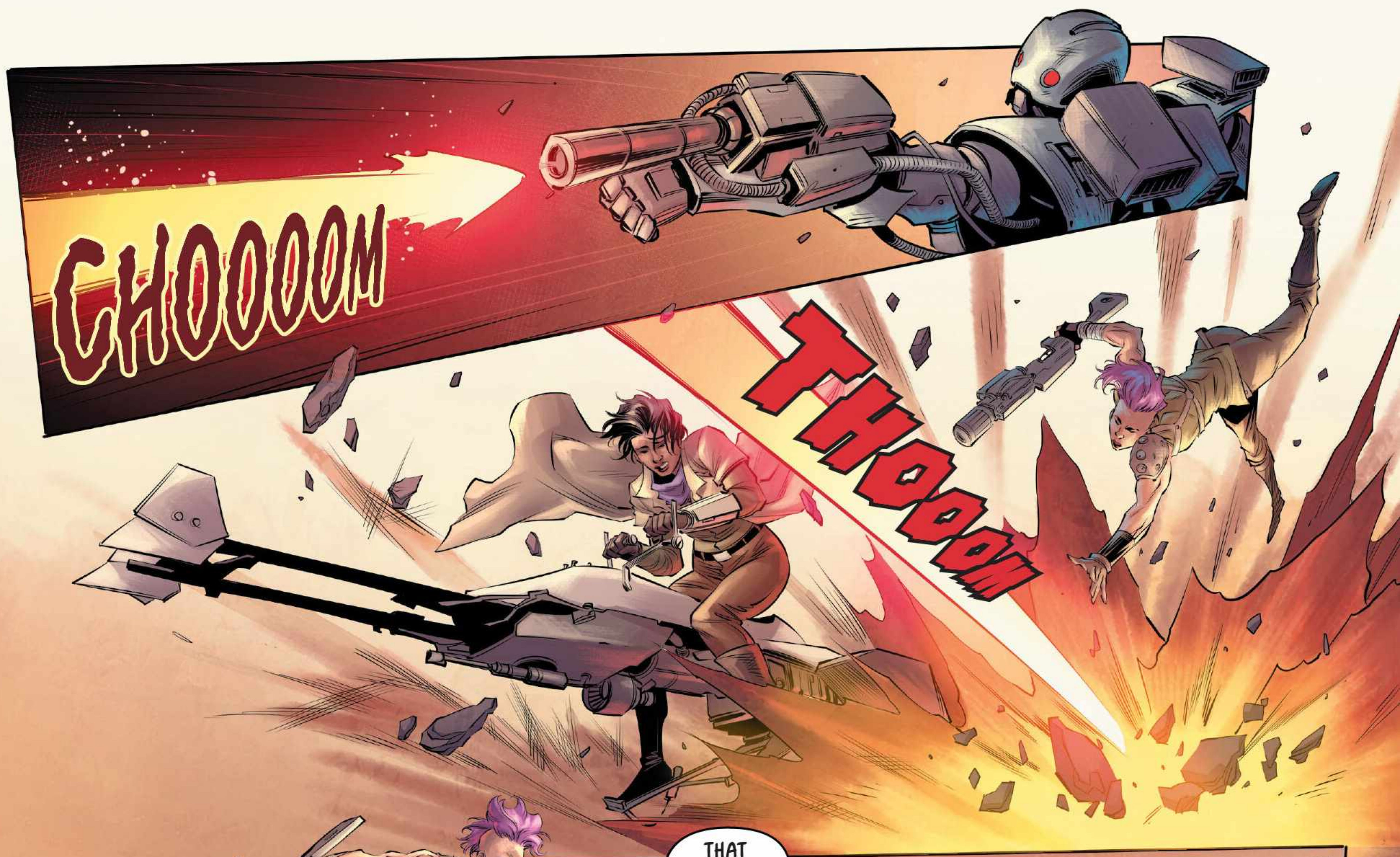
OKAY, STICK TO THE PLAN.
LOSHA, YOU'RE UP. AT THIS RANGE, IT'S GOING TO BE AN ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE SHOT.

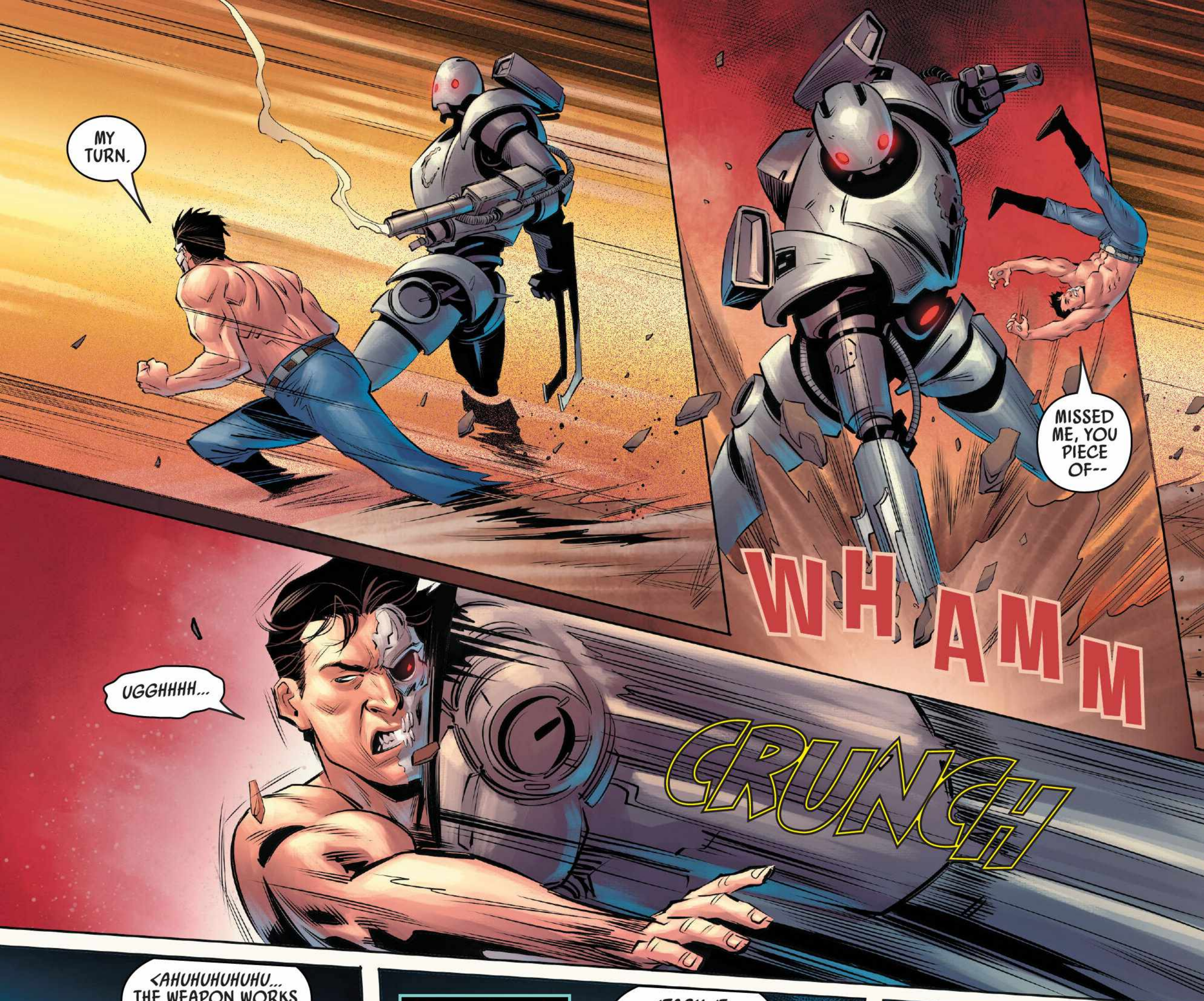
OH, *T'ONGA*, MY LOVE--
--THOSE ARE MY FAVORITE KIND.

PEW
BUILT THIS BLASTER RIFLE MYSELF OUT OF A MODIFIED *PARTICLE BEAM DRILL* USED TO CUT DURASTEEL AT AN *IMPERIAL* MUNITIONS FACTORY.
IT *SHOULD* GET THAT PANEL OPEN...
HOPEFULLY.

ZZZZAAPP

ZZZZZ





*TRANSLATED FROM JABLOGIAN.



CAN'T...
TAKE ANOTHER
SHOT...LIKE
THAT.

STAY AWAY
FROM THE
CYBORG.

FOR SOME REASON, IT
IS IMPORTANT TO THIS
UNIT'S PARTNER.

PYUUM
PYUUM



SLASSHHH

THIS STRATEGY
WAS NOT
PROPERLY
CALCULATED.

WHUMP



DO NOT
WORRY, ZUCKUSS
WOULD NOT LET YOU
BE HARMED.

YOU REMAIN
THIS UNIT'S
FAVORITE
ORGANIC.

FRIEND
FOR-ELLOEM, YOU
ARE ALWAYS SO
SENTIMENTAL.



BOOOOM



NOW'S MY CHANCE.

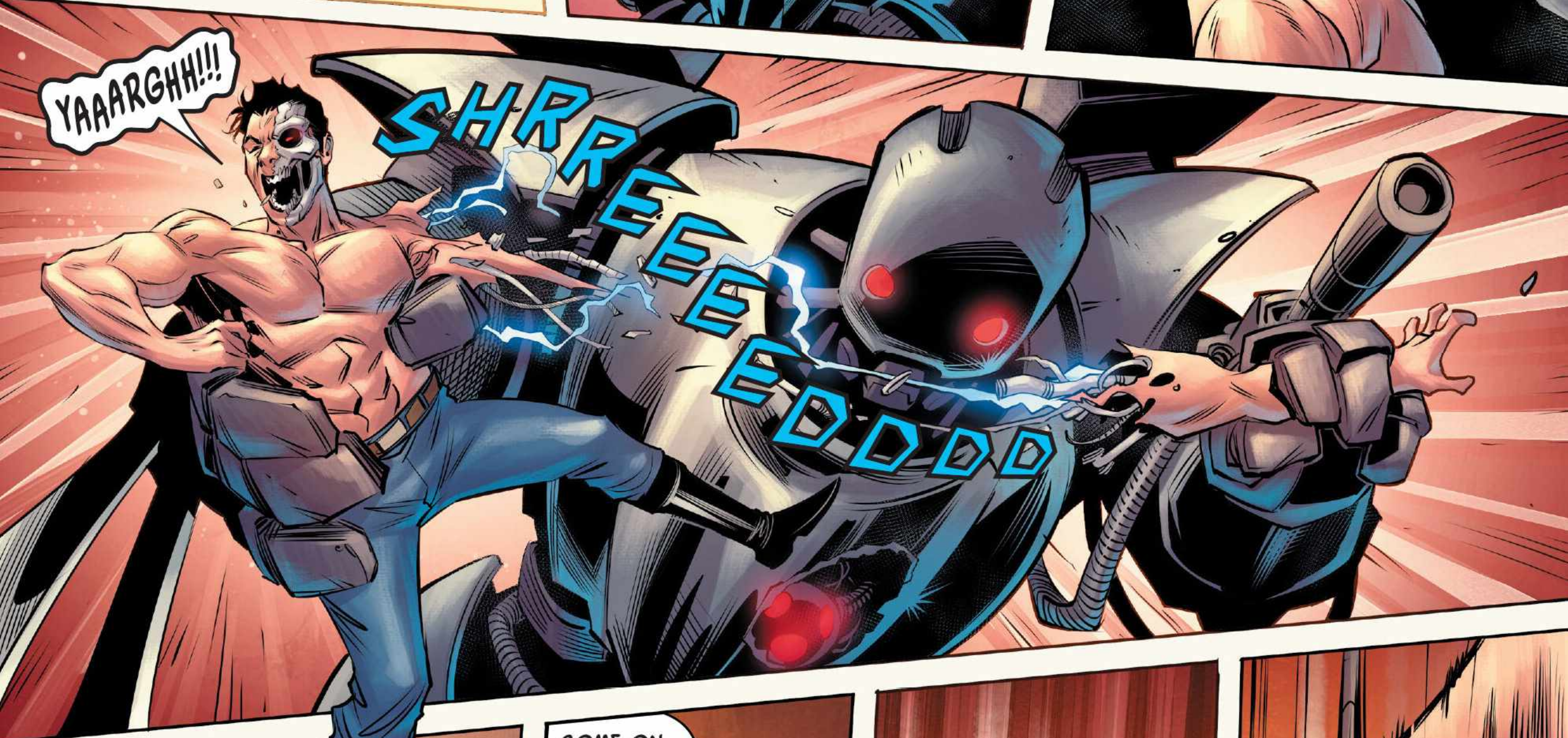


SNAAAPP

XZZZ



UH...



YAAARGHH!!!

SHRREEDDDDD

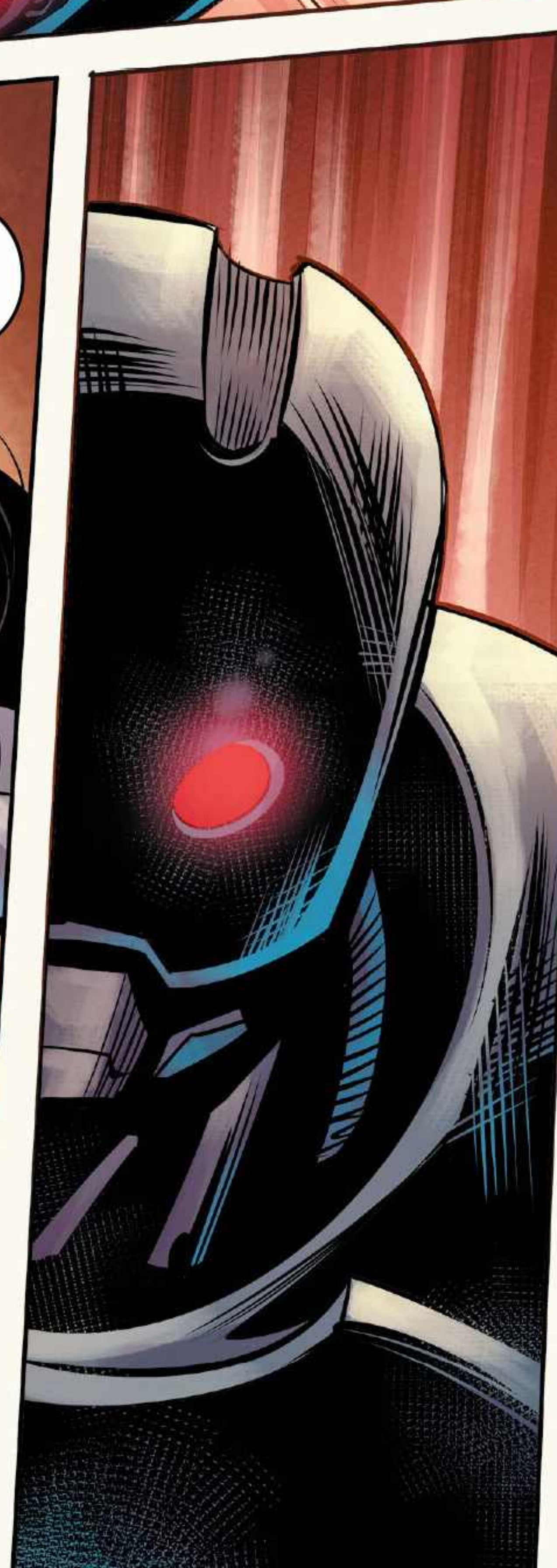


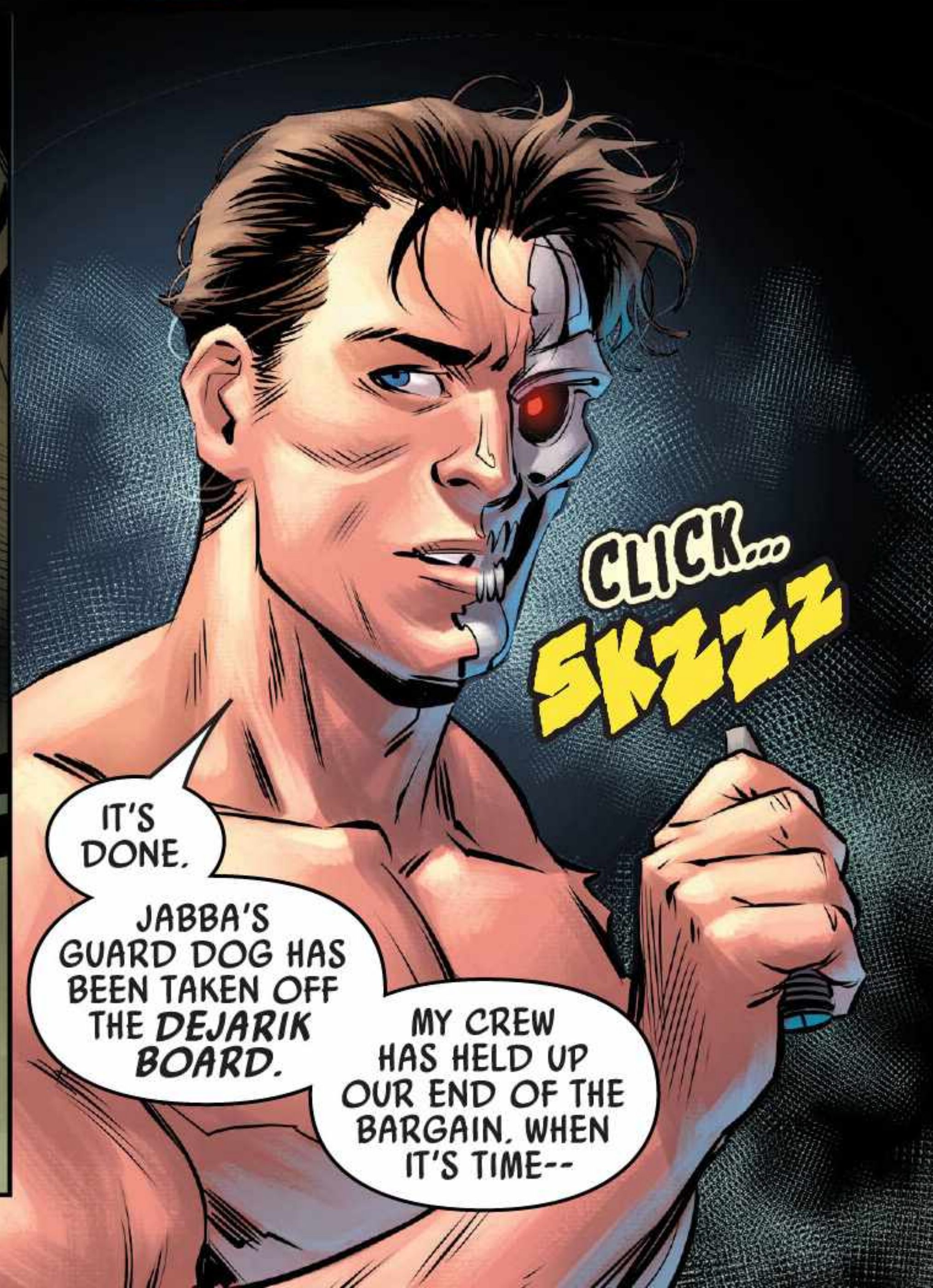
NOT AGAIN.

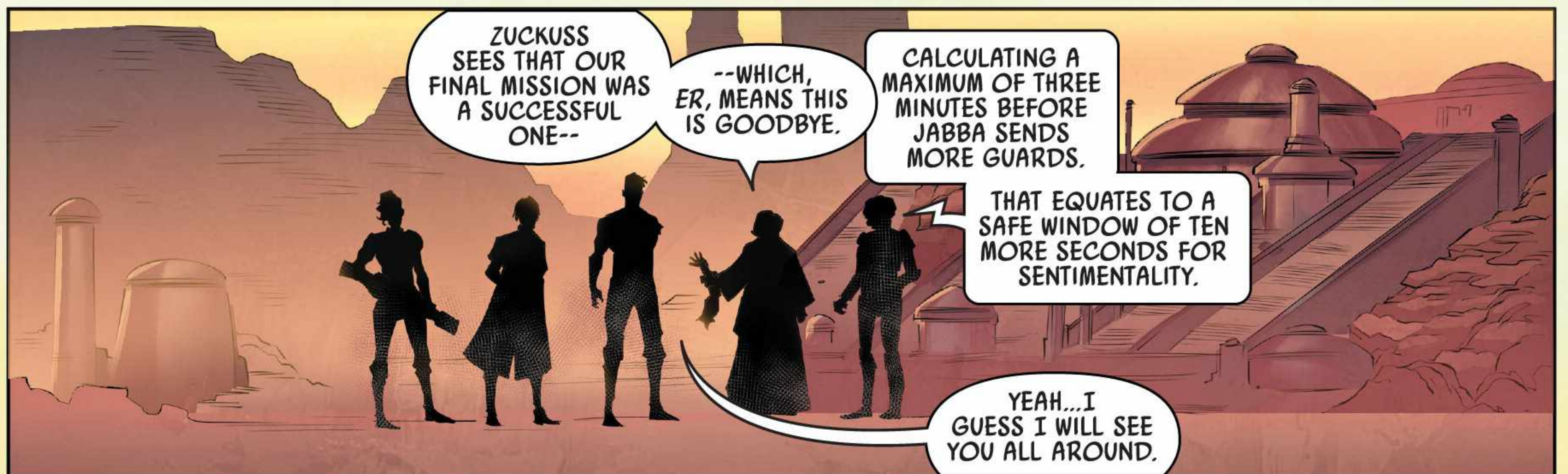
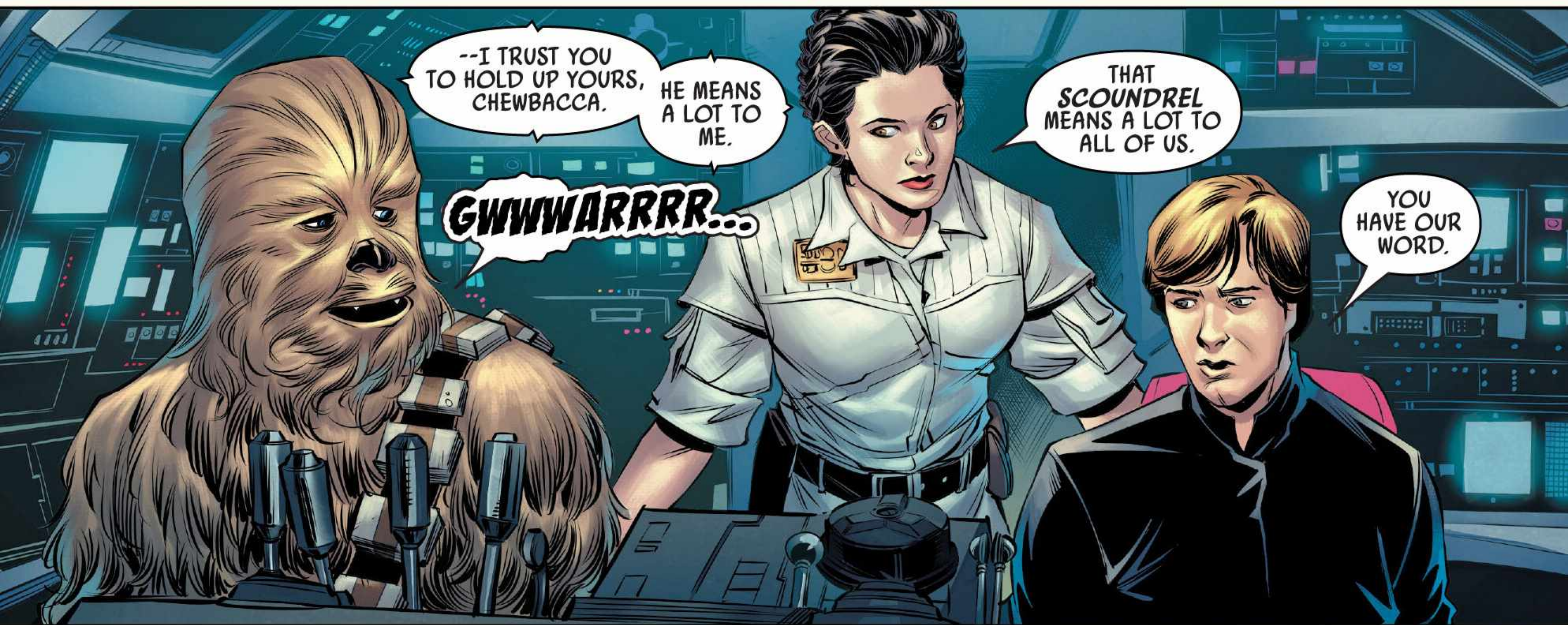


COME ON... YOU DUMB DROID!

I'VE GOT YOU RIGHT WHERE I WANT YOU!







Moon of Logal Ri.
One week later.

IT--IT LOOKS
SMALLER THAN I
REMEMBER.

TELL ME
WHAT YOU
SEE OUT
THERE.

AFTER ALL
WE'VE BEEN
THROUGH, I *NEVER*
THOUGHT WE'D
END UP BACK
HERE.

NOTHING BUT
BARREN LAND
WHERE THERE USED
TO BE *LAMTA*
CROPS.

A DUSTY VOID THAT
WILL REMIND ME EVERY DAY
OF THE EXCITEMENT I FOUND
AND LOST WHEN WE WERE
BOUNTY HUNTERS.

OUCH.

BUT THAT'S
NOT WHAT
I SEE.

I SEE A
DESTINATION HUB
FOR BOUNTY
HUNTERS.

WITH A *CANTINA*
JUST LIKE THE ONE YOU
USED TO HAVE. IT CAN
GO RIGHT OVER
THERE.

A REFUGE
FOR SCOUNDRELS
LIKE US--



"--AWAY FROM
THE DESTRUCTIVE
CIVIL WAR THAT'S
ENVELOPING
THE GALAXY.

"EMPIRE. REBELS.
WHOEVER WINS
THE BATTLE IN
THE STARS--



"--THEY'LL
MAKE IT HARDER
FOR THE REST OF
US TO EKE OUT
AN EXISTENCE ON
THE GROUND
BELOW.

WHAT DID
YOU DO NOW,
DENGAR?

YOU STEAL
ONE LOUSY
SHIPMENT OF
SPICE WINE FROM
AN IMPERIAL
OFFICER...



"FEW OF US CAN
SURVIVE, MUCH
LESS THRIVE,
ON OUR OWN."

THIS IG UNIT
IS REVOKING
THE ORIGINAL
OFFER.

YOUR BOUNTY
PARAMETERS
ARE NO
LONGER DEAD
OR ALIVE.

CHOOM
CHOOM
CHOOM

AAAIEEEEE!

"BOUNTY HUNTERS
LIKE US NEED A
REASON TO KEEP
FIGHTING...SOMETHING
DEEPER THAN
JUST CREDITS.

MAMA
BAGGED
ANOTHER SLEEMO.
ONCE WE GET HIM
TO **NEVARRO** TO
COLLECT--

--WE'LL HAVE
SOME EXTRA **BLUE**
MILK TO CELEBRATE,
FURBALL TWO!

"WE NEED TO FIND
OUR CREW. A
COMMUNITY WHO
UNDERSTANDS US.

<LET'S
STRANGLE THEM
WITH THEIR OWN
ENTRAILS!>

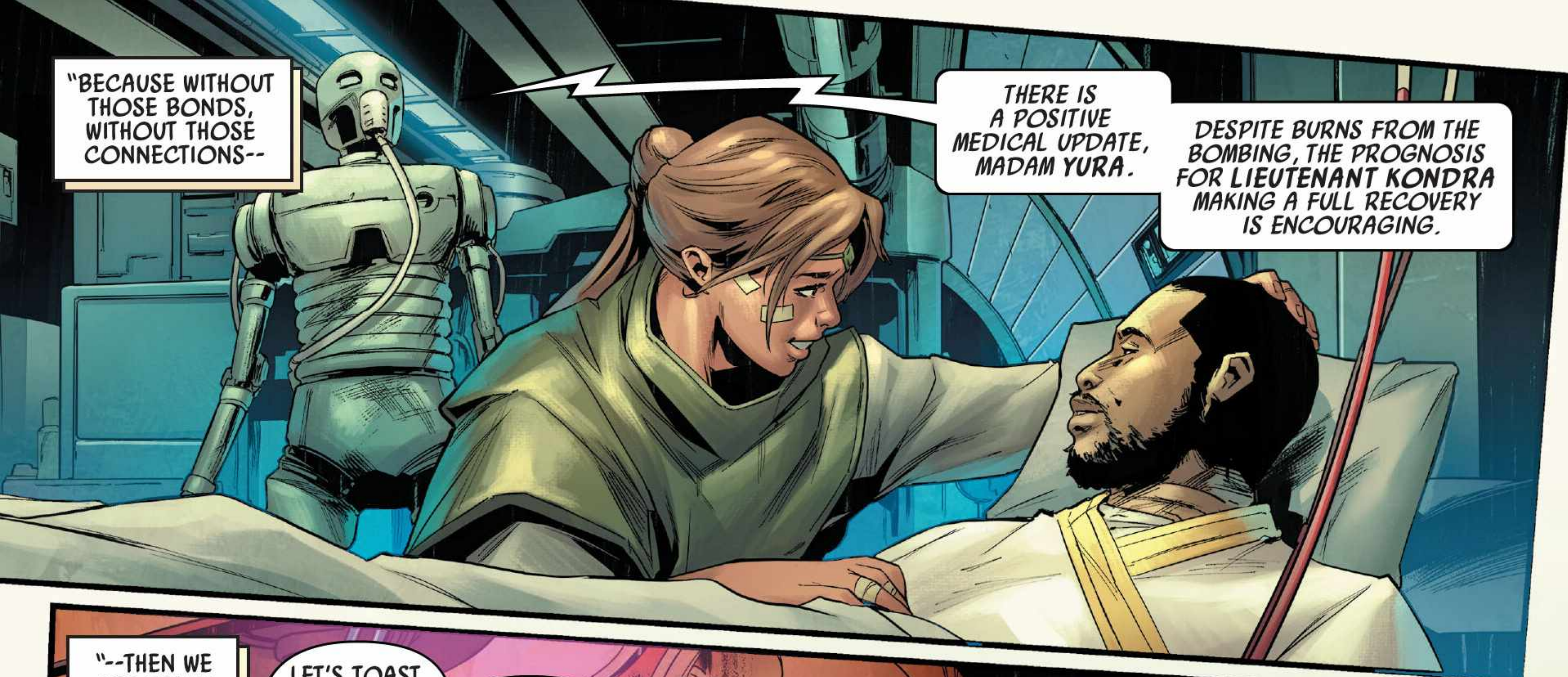
<TAKES
SOME GUTS
TO TRY...HAH!
YOU GET
IT?>

<HAR,
TASU LEECH! YOU
MAKE MURDERING
PYKES EVEN MORE
FUN!>

"PARTNERS
WHO WILL
ALWAYS HAVE
OUR BACKS--
JUST AS WE
HAVE THEIRS.

ZUCKUSS
THINKS THAT WE MAKE
AN EXCELLENT TEAM,
OLD FRIEND.

THAT IS AN
ACCURATE
ANALYSIS.



"BECAUSE WITHOUT THOSE BONDS, WITHOUT THOSE CONNECTIONS--

THERE IS A POSITIVE MEDICAL UPDATE, MADAM YURA.

DESPITE BURNS FROM THE BOMBING, THE PROGNOSIS FOR LIEUTENANT KONDRA MAKING A FULL RECOVERY IS ENCOURAGING.



"--THEN WE ARE TRULY ALL ALONE IN THIS COLD GALAXY."

LET'S TOAST TO ANOTHER **SUCCESSFUL** BOUNTY.

SEEMS THE BIG GUY HAS RUN OUT, **KHEL**.

WHAT ARE YOU DRINKING, **DURGE--** SPICE RUM, JET JUICE OR **GAMORREAN** MOONSHINE?

YES.

MIGHT HAVE MADE A MISSTAKE.



MY BROTHER AND I FOUND A HOME THAT WE NEVER HAD BEFORE ON **NAKANO LASH'S** CREW.

WE COULD PROVIDE A SIMILAR CONNECTION FOR OTHERS.

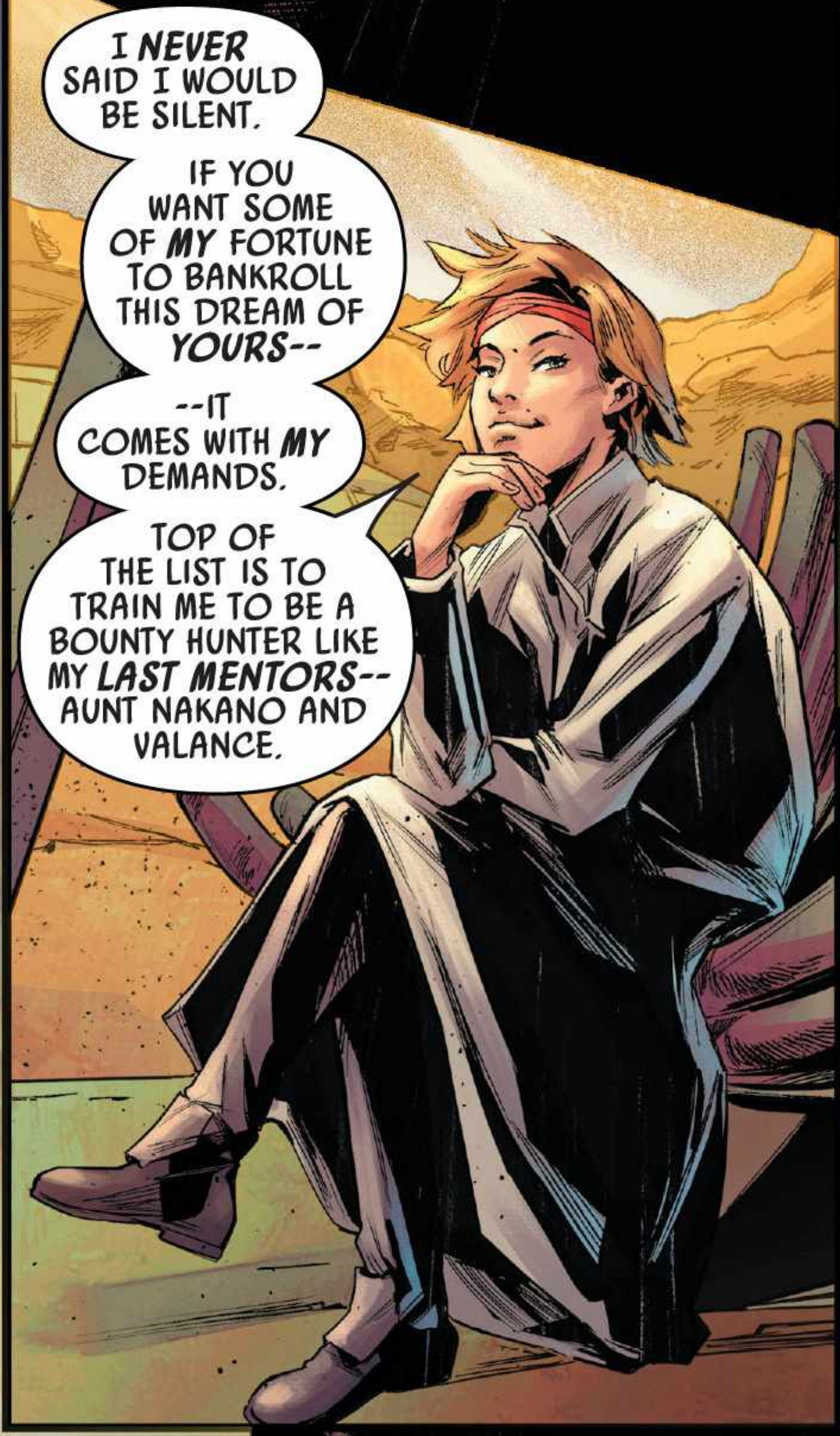
AND SERVE THEM A FEW EXPENSIVE DRINKS FOR THE PRIVILEGE.

YOU KNOW HOW MUCH IT COSTS TO BUILD SOMETHING LIKE THAT? WE'RE BROKE.

OH, WE ARE.

BUT I FOUND A SILENT PARTNER.

HEY!



I NEVER SAID I WOULD BE SILENT.

IF YOU WANT SOME OF MY FORTUNE TO BANKROLL THIS DREAM OF YOURS--

--IT COMES WITH MY DEMANDS.

TOP OF THE LIST IS TO TRAIN ME TO BE A BOUNTY HUNTER LIKE MY LAST MENTORS-- AUNT NAKANO AND VALANCE.



TWO, I WANT A SWEET-SAND COOKIE STAND IN YOUR CANTINA.

AND WE HAVE TO BOOK THE MAX REBO BAND. I HEARD THEY HAVE A KOOVY CHIDINKALU HORN PLAYER.

SURE, CADELIAH. SURE.

ANYWAY... CAN YOU SEE IT NOW?



WE'LL NEED TO STOCK FRESH TARKENIAN SEEDS FOR THE BAR.

NONE OF THE CHEAPER STUFF. I DON'T SERVE ANYTHING BUT THE BEST COCKTAILS.



Pelkonen
Space Port,
Outer Rim.

LIEUTENANT...
OR SHOULD
I SAY **FORMER**
LIEUTENANT
HAYDENN...

SURRENDER
PEACEFULLY AND
SURVIVE LONG ENOUGH
TO CONTEMPLATE YOUR
CRIMES IN AN IMPERIAL
PRISON CAMP.

AS
GENEROUS
AN OFFER...
AS THAT
IS--

--I'LL
PASS!

WHAM

YEEOOWW!

THUMP

UNNNN...

DEATH...
=SNORT=...IT
IS, THEN.
READY.

AIM.

FIRE.

UZYUUM

UZYUUM



YOU...
YOU CAME
FOR ME--

--VALANCE!

YOU
ARE A HARD
PERSON TO
FIND.

CRACK

HURK...



I...I
DIDN'T THINK
YOU WOULD WANT
TO SEE ME EVER
AGAIN.



I WAS ANGRY FOR A
WHILE, JYALA...AND THEN
I APPARENTLY FORGOT
YOU ENTIRELY.

BUT I WAS
HOPING...TOGETHER...
WE COULD...MAKE
SOME NEW
MEMORIES.

PEW



EH, THAT DIDN'T
COME OUT THE WAY I
REHEARSED IT.

WHAT I MEAN IS...
I'VE SPENT SO MUCH TIME
MISSING THE PAST I HAD
BEFORE I NEARLY DIED
ON *MIMBAN*--

--THAT I
ALMOST MISSED
SOMETHING
SPECIAL RIGHT
NOW.



OH,
BEILERT, YOU
BIG NERF.

THE
EMPIRE WILL BE
AFTER *BOTH*
OF US.

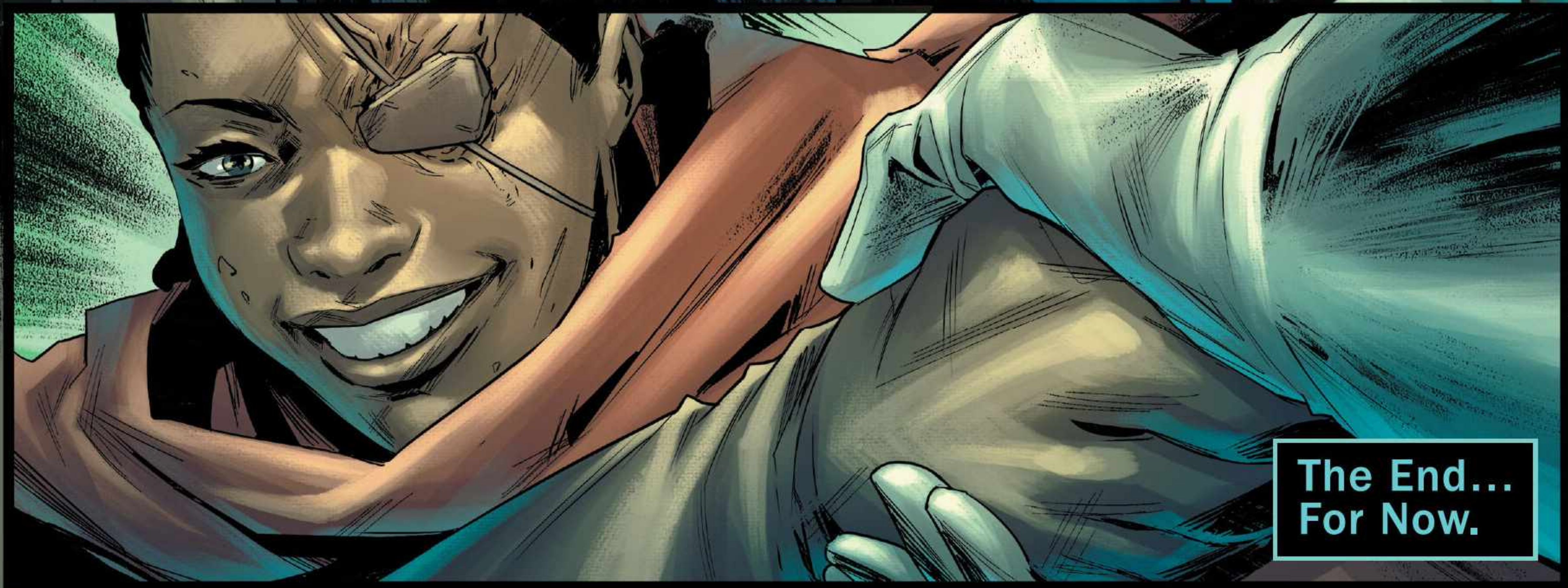
SO, WHAT...
WHAT ARE WE
GOING TO
DO NOW?



I HAVE
NO IDEA.

BUT THERE
IS A GALAXY OF
POSSIBILITIES
OUT THERE.

DO
YOU WANT TO
FIGURE IT OUT
TOGETHER?



The End...
For Now.

Our journey has come to an end.

Getting to put words in the mouths of some of the classic bounty hunters from my *Empire Strikes Back* bedsheets proved to be a singular career highlight. One only matched by the chance to co-create new characters that I hope will stand the test of time too.

This 4-year, 42-issue run meant so much to me that it's hard to put it into words. But I'll try.

First and foremost, I salute my friend, artist **Paolo Villanelli**, who bestowed this book with its signature cinematic look. Paolo co-piloted the series with me for 31 issues and remained an inspiration right up to the last page. Our collaboration became magic.

But we were blessed to have a murderers' row of other great artists also shine on this book--**Ramón F. Bachs**, **Natacha Bustos**, **Alessandro Miracolo**, **Lan Medina**, **Davide Tinto** and **Jethro Morales** each made my scripts turn out so much better than I could have dreamed. There wasn't a single page over these four years that didn't look stunning.

One reason was the consistent brilliance of colorist **Arif Prianto**, who made every panel from issue #1 to issue #42 feel like a frame from a *Star Wars* film. There are not enough words of praise for letterer extraordinaire **Travis Lanham**, which I realize is ironic. There are too many fantastic cover artists to name-check here, but I cherish the fine work of each and every one.

Thank you to my editors, **Mark Paniccia**, **Danny Khazem**, **Mikey J. Basso** and **C.B. Cebulski**, whose guidance and support meant everything. Thank you to **Tom Groneman**, who helped me take my first step into a larger world, to paraphrase some old guy on Tatooine. Mark has been a mentor and a friend who helped me through a rough time in my personal life, and I will love him forever.

The best part of this experience: collaborating with fellow writers **Charles Soule**, **Alyssa Wong**, **Greg Pak** and **Marc Guggenheim**. They were generous in sharing their experience and advice on how to make a story better. I always listened. I learned from their scripts. Our Wednesday Zoom calls were the highlight of my week. I entered excited to have them as A-list colleagues; I depart blessed to have them as A-plus friends.

I owe so much to Disney Publishing giants **Michael Siglain** and **Robert Simpson**. I thank them for entrusting me to be a part of the magical franchise that has owned my heart since the summer of 1977.

Gratitude also goes out to the Lucasfilm Story Group--**Pablo Hidalgo**, **Matt Martin**, **Emily Shkoukani** and **Phil Szostak** became my personal Jedi Council. They are the best combination of genius and geek.

Thank you to the retailers, reviewers and reporters who helped spread the word.

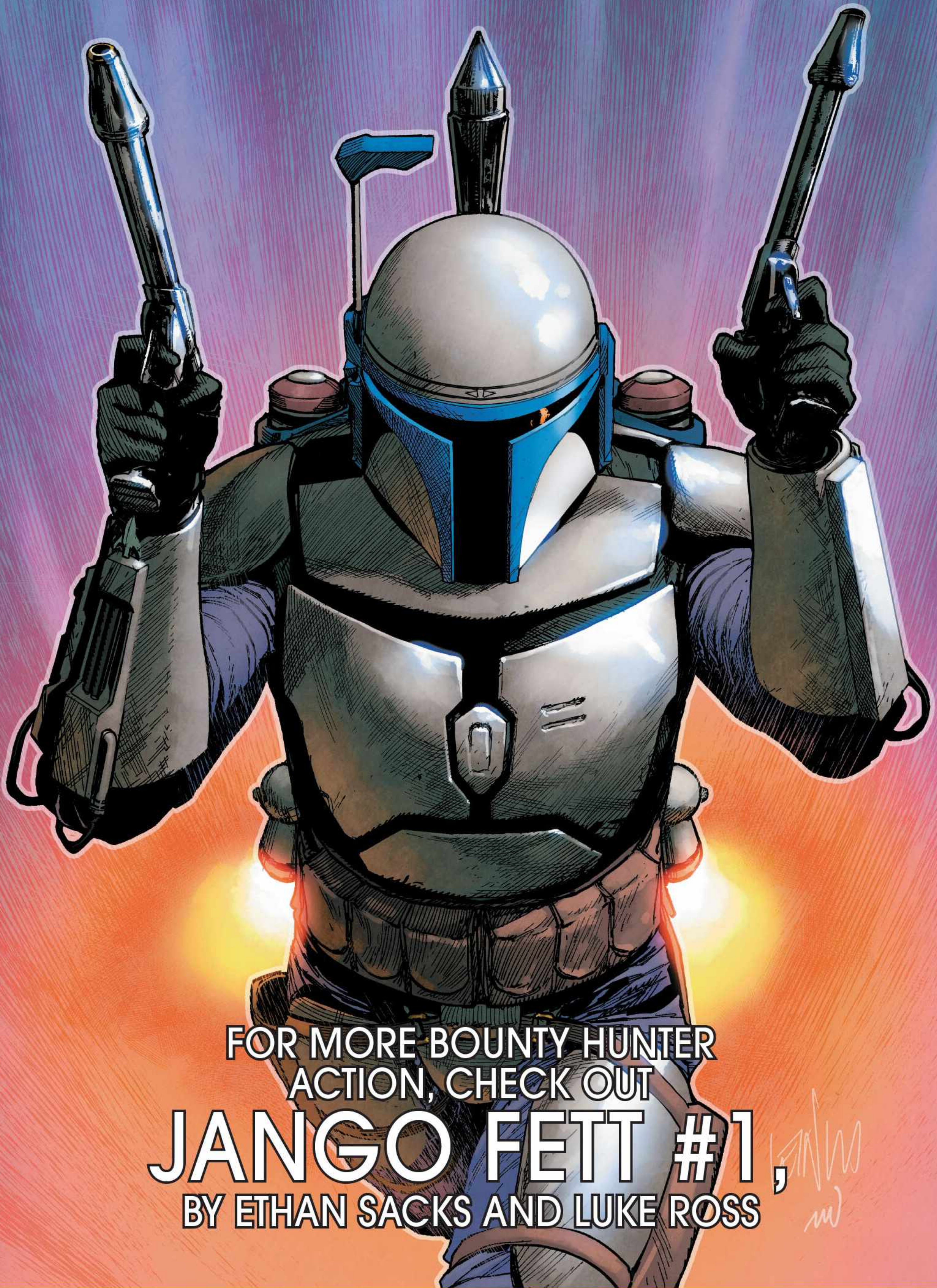
But most of all, thank you.

Whether this is your first BOUNTY HUNTERS comic or you are a card-carrying member of *#ValanceNation* who endured years of perpetual heartbreak and occasional smiles, this series couldn't have made it without the support of the fans.

And for that, I am forever grateful, you wonderful scoundrels.

Ethan Sacks
New York City
July 2023

VALANCE AND T'ONGA'S CREW HAS GONE
ON THEIR FINAL MISSION...FOR NOW!



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